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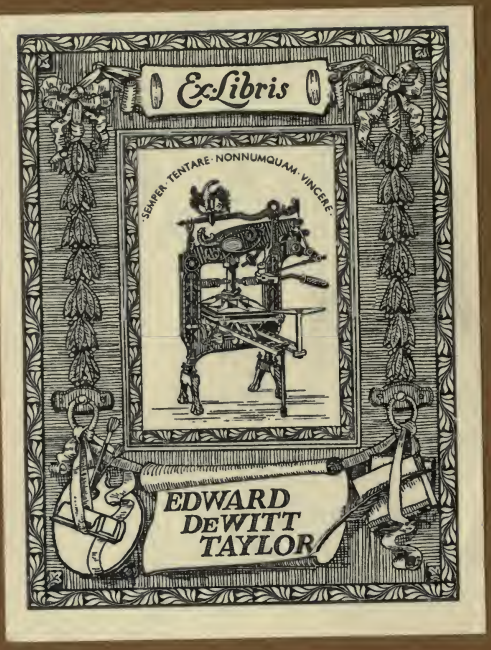
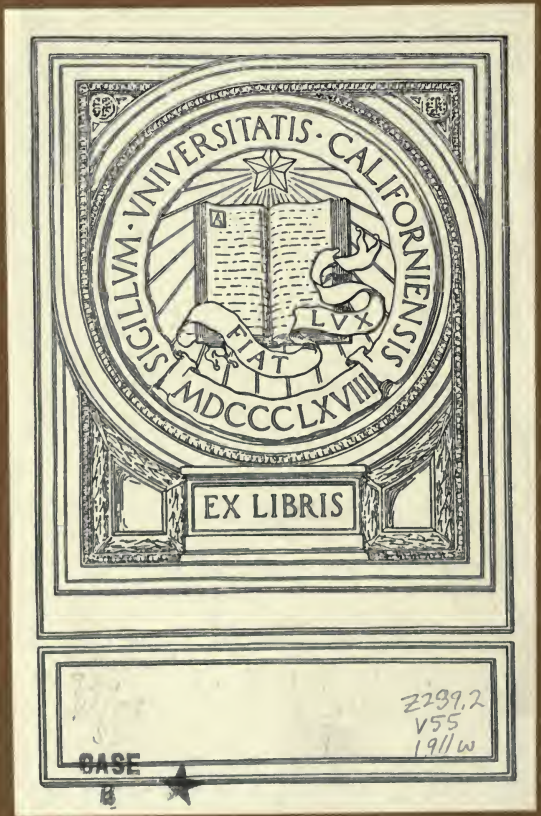
Songs and Verses

Waller





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SONGS AND VERSES
WALLER

SONGS AND VERSES

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS

of

Edmund Waller, *Esq.*

NEW YORK
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1911

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Song. PEACE, BABBLING MUSE!

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PEACE, *babbling muſe!*
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my lute,
But if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce lion does embrace
His breathleſs corpſe, and lick his face:
Wrap'd up in ſilent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces, if he cries.

To Phyllis

PHYLLIS! *why ſhould we delay*
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we (*which we never can!*)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan;
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth, and beauty, ſtay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath ſwifter wings than time:
Change in love to Heav'n does climb;
Gods, that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft their love and hate.
PHYLLIS! *to this truth we owe*
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I enquire,
What has been our paſt deſire:
On what ſhepherds you have ſmil'd,

Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

SONG

Song. Chloris Farewell

CHLORIS *farewell! I now muſt go:*
For if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me ſo,
I ſhall prove blind, and loſe my way.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the reſt, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall ſhort of truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

For I'm engaged by word and oath,
A ſervant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

But what aſſurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this abuſe,
For ſome more worthy lover's ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt excuſe.

For thou may'ſt ſay, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No, CHLORIS, *no: I will return,*
And raiſe thy ſtory to that height,
That ſtrangers ſhall at diſtance burn;
And ſhe diſtruſt me reprobate.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meals at home.

On a Girdle

THAT *which her ſlender waiſt confin'd,*
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremeſt ſphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the reſt the ſun goes round.

Song. Go! Lovely Rose

GO, *lovely roſe!*
Tell her that waſtes her time, and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpy'd
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſerts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die! that ſhe
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare
That are ſo won'drous ſweet and fair!

* * *

One hundred ten copies of this booklet have been printed at the Village Preſs by FREDERIC *and* BERTHA GOUDY *in March* 1911, *and is the firſt iſſue from the* PRESS *ſince its total deſtruction by fire January* 10, 1908.